

They Are Appreciated

We appreciate the words of encouragement and commendation from our friends concerning the EVANGELIST in its present form. Almost every day brings us grateful and unsolicited testimonials. Frequently we make personal mention of these, but modesty forbids the publication of all of them. Following are a few extracts from a letter by Brother Furry which deserve more than a passing notice:

I enjoy EVANGELIST very much. It is growing better with each issue. Yet *we* not *you* can make it better. If our brethren that can write would do so our church paper could be made to rank with the best. I hope the day will come when I can do more for our church paper.

Your editorials are good and timely. We need just such articles. We must spread out as a church—break away from old conservative ideas that were the bane of the Dunkard church and in some quarters threaten to become the bane of ours.

Not for our own sake, but in Christ's name, we are profoundly grateful for this appreciation of our editorial labors. We assure our readers that of the editorial staff it can not be said as Christ said of the fowls of the air, "they toil not neither do they spin," for we have been and are now toiling early and late, and as for the "spinning," we are not altogether without experience.

Yes, Brother Furry, if those who *can* write (and there are not a few of them in the Brethren church), *would* write, what a bright, spirited paper the EVANGELIST could be made. Our unceasing effort has been to have the very best talent in the church represented in the EVANGELIST, and in part we have succeeded, except that the names which represent such talent do not appear as frequently as they should. We could, were we disposed to do so, mention the names of *twenty five* brethren and sisters who are abundantly qualified to contribute regularly to the columns of the EVANGELIST, but for reasons apparently known only to themselves, the brotherhood very rarely hears from them. Not only publicly, but by private correspondence especially, have we appealed to these people for their help in our effort to elevate the standard of our literature, increase the literary merits of the paper and enlarge its influence.

The Contribution department of the paper should be enlarged and strengthened. The Home Circle and Christian Life departments should be filled each week with original matter of real merit. What a bright page our sisters could give the brotherhood each week. Here we *know* there is talent. We have personal knowledge of many talented sisters in the church, but alas! they are not heard from. Are they "careful and troubled about many things?" For four years and more, we have held this page open to them. Then here is our young people's page, how interesting, instructive, and inspiring this page

could be made. Much of the talent in the Brethren church is among our young people. Their page in the EVANGELIST should fairly sparkle with the thought, the feeling, the sentiment of these young minds and hearts. Many of our ministers could furnish paragraphs from their sermons on the previous Sabbath, and thus give variety and spice and helpfulness and inspiration to these columns. And above all things, the 200 congregations in the church should each have an intelligent correspondent who would report not less than once each month, thus giving 50 brief reports each week. You like to read church news, do you not? Then why not write? Others like to read such news equally as well. Here endeth the first lesson.

Fruit that Remains

The spectacle of this world must be a wonderful and a sad study to those celestial intelligences who can measure the worth or the worthlessness of all things that are done under the sun. How much vain and wasted labor they must see, to say nothing of the labor which brings forth evil. On all hands it may be plain to even our limited observation, our dull penetration, that an enormous amount of building is upon the sand. That fortune represents the man's whole life, his best energies, the ardor and vigor of his youth. It may represent the toil and self-denial of a generation or two generations before him, yet it is a sand founded affair, and down it goes in a night. That political ambition schemes and sweats and barter honor and happiness, barter eternity perhaps, for a high place in the world, but the breath of a temptation, or the whisper of a scandal, or the malice of a rival sweeps it all away, all the man's labor, his hopes, losing him the world that now is for which he had in vain exchanged the world that is to come. How many busy pens are wagging and scratching to create the innumerable books which are a weariness to the spirit if not to the flesh. All the vain things that go forth from the printing press these days of exuberant verbiage, learned guessing called science, novels dirtily realistic or vapid as soapsuds, political discussion ad nauseum, wrung out and mewed up from brains of the cess pool description,—they are a wide wilderness of waste, lost labor, or worse, labor which exudes poison, breeds the pestilence, brings ruin, beckons death. What if all this labor were expended upon objects of righteousness, the betterment of the world, the lifting up of the fallen, the spread of the kingdom, the salvation of souls and the glory of God. This kind of labor alone bears fruit that will remain. Among all your labors, do some definite and earnest work for God. Why should you waste your life? Why should you die out of the world with not an hour's record or usefulness to leave behind? Do something; DO. DO. DO.

The night hastens on apace "when no man can work." Do something that will live when you are gone. If you are at a loss where to begin, ask your pastor. "If ye abide in me ye shall bring forth much fruit, and your fruit shall remain."

Loss and Gain

The Princess Kaiulani, heir to the lapsed throne of Hawaii, passed from the world the other week, her youth, her beauty, her high station availing not to turn aside death. Hers has been a unique experience, born to an earthly throne she doubly lost it; by the revolution which overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy, and by the Destroyer who empties thrones as well as hovels. But what does it matter to her if she has gained a heavenly throne? In the glory of that sublime accession there are no losses. Earthly thrones are rubbish. Nothing temporal can be of any worth in the estimate of eternity. In Christ the Princess may be a princess still, the daughter of a King.

But there are so many others who lose earthly thrones and yet do not gain the heavenly. What of those who descend from the throne of integrity, or the throne of purity, or the throne of usefulness? The world is full of wrecked thrones, and kings disgracefully uncrowned. How many rest while thrones of godly influence, and thrones of golden opportunity lie untenanted? And from these lost thrones the road to the heavenly is exceedingly difficult. A man may fling away two crowns, both God given. A glorious manliness and Christliness may enthrone its possessor in both worlds and all worlds. Christ in a man makes him a king tho the world environ him with meanness and neglect. And it is a law eternal that he who is fit to reign will one day reign.

"Sprung from the dust, yet will he scorn his birth,
Yet burst sublime beyond terrestrial bars:
Heaven shall behold this feeble child of earth
Arise to wield the empire of the stars."

An Authoritative Definition

A sincere man will anxiously ask himself if he clearly understands what religion is, and if he can honestly lay claim to its possession in his heart and life. A mistake at this point is a very serious one. What eternal issues hang upon it. All that is of any value, the life, the soul, eternity, depends not simply upon a true conception of religion, tho this is ever so needful, but upon a real possession of it. We cannot afford to be partially right and partially wrong. A mixture of truth and error may be more dangerous than unmixed error. There are many definitions of religion in the scriptures, but let us take this one for the present meditation: Pure and undefiled religion before our God and Father is this, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to